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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANNA.

The morning broke bright in the east,
And glimmer'd the proud ear of day;
But ah! ere his beams in the west
Were faded like dew-drops away,
A young huntsman attired in blue
Sajoured at our cottage to rest—
His hair was of shadowy hue,
And darkly it fell on his breast.

His eye seem'd bestrodden with flame,
His form and his face they were fair;
But idle attention would claim
'Devoid of that one nameless air,
Which sweeten'd each word with a grace,
And mellow'd both action and mien,
Which brighten'd the charming of a face,
I ever must mourn having seen.

He sat by my side on the hill—
He spoke with a flattering tongue—
My heart, tho' I bid it be still,
Plung'd fondly, for I was young;
He told me he scarce could depart,
That a flame he ne'er could remove,
Was burning around his fond heart;
He call'd it (what mockery) love!

I listen'd, and then I believ'd—
The youth had a flattering tongue—
Was faithful, and I am deceiv'd;
But forgive me, for ah! I was young—
The twilight was seen at its close,
Dying all with the splendour of gold;
It took—but again it arose—
The hunter I ne'er did behold.

Ye credulous damsels, beware—
I once was both blooming and gay;
My heart was outpurr'd in the war
Of deception—then left to decay.
Alas! I am now very pale—
My sorrows will fleetly depart
On the breath of eternity's gale,
Which alone can revive my sad heart.

Thus sang the lone victim of love,
Sweet Anna—then with a deep sigh,
Her spirit was wafted above
Beyond the bright stars of the sky.

VERGENNES.

MARY'S GRAVE.
When evening's shade obscures the landscape
green,
And you aged trees with gentle zephyrs wave,
My grief-worn soul, obedient to the scene,
In ceaseless woe, would mourn at Mary's grave.

Her heart was spotless, and her form divine,
To earth a gentler spirit heav'n ne'er gave—
I thought, alas! that solid joy was mine;
But joy is buried now in Mary's grave.

We lov'd—our every wish and thought was one—
But love could not from death his victim save,
And now all love and joy with her are gone;
For love and joy now sleep in Mary's grave.

Ah! woe, dearest maiden, that thy wish could be;
But my steps to the wave-beaten shore I must bend;
And oh! 'tis heart-breaking to hasten from thee,
But the call is shrill sounding, and I must attend.

But when the blue waters you swiftly sail o'er,
And when you arrive at your own native home,
Your own Celestina you'll think of no more,
Nor ne'er send a wish to the maid of Luzon.

Oh! and canst thou think that unfaithful I'll prove;
No! I swear to thee, shouldst thou ever remain,
And though far o'er the waves thy wanderer must rove,
Yet still will his heart that impression retain.

Through her tears smiling, thus whispered the maid,
"Oh! wanderer dear, thou wilt then think of me,
As often I stray to the grove where I've staid
To listen to love that was spoken by thee."

OCEAN BIRD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ADVICE TO YOUTH, ACCOMPANIED WITH OLD SAYINGS.

The most important duty of parents is to regulate the morals of their children—many parents think it sufficient to clothe them, educate them, and bind them to some mechanic branch of business, or place them in a counting-house—this ends their important task— I therefore merely suggest the following hints, interspersed with old sayings, for the sake of adding something to parents' goodly purposes.

Be on your guard against pride, vanity and love; these are the first ingredients distilled into the youthful mind by ignorance, presumption, and folly, and are similar to the only three things done in haste, namely, flying from plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas. The next pernicious quality is dissipation, and its beloved companion, bad company—and he who enters the list as a candidate ought to reflect, when a man's coat is threadbare it is easy to pick a hole in it. If you neglect the advice of your parents—when I say parents I mean those who give their children good advice; for many talk like philosophers and live like fools—by neglecting their advice the consequence will be your introduction into a society whose motto is, the man that is cheaply bought cost a salutation.

If you are in business let this advice be engraved on your memory, the best thing is to do one's business and talk little about it—and if you believe your business impossible, the belief is the way to make it so. Again, never sign a writing until you have read it, nor drink wine until you have tasted it. And would you know the value of money, borrow some; these useful hints are among the many calculated to advance your interest—to conclude, run in debt, and you will become convinced of your folly.

Friendship, what we call true and unaltered friendship, is in itself an earthly blessing—but a giddy young man is often led to believe in friendship at first sight—be on your guard, for no one is so old but hopes to live a little longer. It is a very important trait in a man's character to speak well of his neighbor; of your enemies say nothing. And if you solicit friendship recollect the proverb, the more you court a man the statelier he grows. In lending money there is always a general rule to be followed, and this rule, if followed, gives answers and is a polite way of refusing—neither give to all or contend with fools—sit in your place and none can rise you up—these are stationary proverbs, but are very appropriate.

Again, you may know by a penny how a shilling spends—but never promise without performing—this injures a man more in the estimation of his friends than any thing else—promising without performing is mere fooling.

Avoid gambling—this is a species of vice, actuated by an ungovernable propensity or wild infatuation; it is the common sewer to a man's pocket, and if a gambler knew how to play correctly, and win the more, would be to throw the dice away. But if you follow it up as a professor, your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

The next and last advice I wish to give you, is in selecting a wife; as I consider this the most important change in a man's life, I deem a serious consideration of it not trifling with his future happiness. To choose a wife, use your ear more than eye, for beauty fades—When virtue blooms, an obedient wife commands her husband, and an obedient wife loves the man who governs; if a man marries for love, happiness and prosperity, let him remember this—

"A little house well fill'd,
A little ground well till'd,
And a little wife well will'd."

In selecting a wife of this description, you avoid many unpleasant disputes, which I am sorry to say, too often disturbs the domestic life, and the experience commands me to say, originates from the woman. (though not in all cases,) for a woman disappointed in any one particular, on her marriage day, never forgets it; if in fortune, she makes that an eternal subject for her displeasure; but to return, if you get a wife vain, careless and giddy, ignorant and impertinent, such a wife gives a tender, kind, and affectionate husband much uneasiness, for at the gate where suspicion enters love goes out, accompanied with all your present and future happiness; therefore select deliberately in all things, and success (even in married life,) will meet you face to face,

With a sincere hope that you will avoid all the evils attendant on human nature, and adopt the good, is the prayer of your friend,
PETER SINGLE.

THE VICTIM OF GAMING.

A TRUE TALE.

Induced by curiosity, I entered one evening a gambling house in the city of New Orleans. The room into which I was shown was spacious, and contained all the different machinery and implements necessary for carrying on that destructive and nefarious practice. In one part there was a Faro bank; in another, one of the fraternity was seated at the table with a pack of cards before him, ready to entrap and fleece the young and inexperienced, and in a third was a roulette. I took my stand by the last and silently observed the players. The keeper of the wheel sat behind a little counter, and gold and silver and bank notes were piled up in tempting array before him. I viewed with astonishment the fluctuations of fortune. One man would stake a few dollars, and a short time by a lucky turn of the wheel he was in possession of hundreds; and another lost sum after sum, until enraged and disappointed he would curse his luck and leave the house in despair. The different piles of money rapidly increased and diminished, and the glittering treasure changed hands every moment.

The owner of the wheel invited me in the technical language of the craft to try my luck. I was tempted to do so; I lost ten dollars in about as many minutes; but before it was too late I summoned all my resolution to my aid and turned my back on the gaming table and its fascinations. As I left it, a young man apparently about twenty eight or thirty years of age, and of a prepossessing appearance, stepped up and laying down two notes of a hundred dollars each, in a voice somewhat hurried and agitated requested the banker to observe his bet. The like sum was deposited, the wheel was turned and the stranger won. A faint smile came over his anxious countenance as he took up the money; but instantly laying it down and doubling his bet, he declared he would again try his fortune. He proved lucky a second time; and now appeared to debate with himself whether he should retire with the present winnings or push his fortune further—his evil genius prevailed.

He continued playing, and in one short hour I saw him stripped not only of his previous winnings but also of a large sum besides. As he laid down his last stake a faint escaped him, and when he also shared the fate of the rest, the paleness of death crept over his features, and with an unsteady step he left the house.

I instantly felt interested in his fate, and apprehensive from the composure he exhibited under his losses—for it was not the calmness of resignation, but the calmness of despair—that he might attempt some rash act, and I determined to follow him. As he paced the lonely street, the bitter groans of heart-felt anguish that burst from him, sufficiently denoted his misery and sufferings. After walking a square or two he stopped under one of those large lamps that are suspended from the corners of the street, and drawing out a pistol appeared to examine the priming.

My fears were now realized, and it was too evident that he meditated suicide. After casting a hasty glance around him he turned into a dark alley. I immediately followed, and saw him raise the pistol to his head—but one moment more and I should have been too late—the deed would have been done and the succeeding second would have found him in eternity. As he was in the very act of firing I sprang forward and arrested his arm; but he shook me off in an instant and turning the weapon towards me demanded my business.

"Do you wish to rob me," said he with a bitter smile, "if so, you have come too late, the gaming table has kindly anticipated you—your seek my life, (exclaimed he with increased energy) take it—take it then, and confer a favor on a ruined and hapless man, and prevent him from adding the crime of self destruction to the long and black catalogue of his vices—I now interrupted him and briefly stated the cause of my interference—that seeing him lose large sums of money at play, and fearful of the consequences, I had followed him to prevent, if possible, any rash attempt he might make on his own life. I conformed him to reflect on the misery and sorrow he was about to bring on his aged parents, or perhaps an affectionate wife and family—I implored him to give over his fatal resolution, and ended by offering him all the assistance in my power. He appeared to be affected, and after some hesitation agreed to accompany me to my lodgings. We proceeded in silence to my room, when he thus addressed me.

"It is but just that the man who has evinced such a lively interest in my welfare should be made acquainted with the circumstances that brought me into my present situation. My name is L—, and I am, or rather was, a merchant in the city of New York. I was connected in trade with a man in whom I placed unbounded confidence, and for some years our concerns went on prosperously. I married an interesting woman, and I became the happy father of three lovely babies; but the cup of happiness was only raised to my lips to be dashed for ever to the ground—my partner proved a villain—he embezzled all the effects of the firm and fled his country, leaving me to answer for debts to a large amount—my failure was the consequence—I gave up all my affairs and received an honorable discharge from my creditors. They appointed me to proceed to this city to settle some accounts—I arrived here last month and succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. I collected debts to a large amount and only waited for an opportunity to return, when in an evil hour I cutured one of those sinks of infamy and ruin that abound here in such numbers, and induced by the display of wealth—the hopes of retrieving my broken fortune, and tempted I believe by the devil, I wagered my money; and partial successes at first, lured me still further on, until I lost my all. I left the house in a state of mind that was but little short of distraction, and the torments of the damned could not exceed my agonies. I borrowed next morning from my friends, on various pretences, all the money I could raise, and in the desperate hope of regaining my losses again to the gaming table and you know the result. Unable any longer to bear the sufferings of a guilty conscience, I determined to rid myself at once of them and existence, and fly to that bourne from whence no traveller returns; when your interference prevented me—but why should I wish to live—dishonored and infamous, I shall only drag out a miserable existence, unable to look on a past without horror, or the future without despair—How can I dare to face my creditors, my friends and family, after what has passed—how—for shame, cried I, interrupting him—

those sentiments are unworthy of you. How can you dare to face your God—how can you dare to leave your helpless family unprotected and unprotected, and your creditors and friends unrepaid for the kindness they have shown you? Be you discharged from your obligations to them by cowardly flying from life? Arouse yourself—you are yet young; set seriously and immediately about the work of reformation; your talents are of the first order, and you should be employed in retrieving your affairs—But I have not even the means of returning home," said he,—I told him I would cheerfully supply him with any money he might want for that purpose, and giving him a hundred dollars, advised him to engage his passage in the first ship; he promised to do so, and shaking me by the hand, we parted.

I neither saw, nor heard from Mr. L— the next day. On the morning of the third, as I was sitting at my desk, a servant called on me and informed me that a gentleman at the point of death earnestly desired to speak to me; I was much surprised at the summons, and unable to divine from whom it could be, as I was a perfect stranger in the city, and had been in it but a few days—I followed the servant to an Hotel, and entering the room he pointed out, was shocked and astonished at beholding in the person of the dying man the same Mr. L— I had before encountered.

As I approached the bed he stretched out his hand to me, and in faint voice exclaimed, "It is all over now—the fatal die is cast—but while the spark of life yet lingers, let me relate the circumstance that gave me here—With the money you so kindly gave me I mostly sought the gaming table once more, and—lost it—driven to desperation I seized the fatal weapon—you were not there to interpose—your kindness could not then save me—my guilty passions had their full swing, and you see the result: the faithless pistol performed the agonies of death—but it will soon be cadet—spare me your reproaches—time will shortly be with me no more, and I already suffer sufficiently—listen, I beseech you, to the requests I am about to make—I believe you design going to New York?" I told him I did—"Call (said he) on my family—you will find her at No. — Pearl street—inform her of my melancholy exit—tell her that the recollection of her kindness has soothed the thorny pillow of her penitent and dying husband—and that my last thoughts and prayers were for her—give her this ring—it was her's before our marriage—she presented it to me in the days of our prosperity, when I was a happy and a guiltless man, unswayed and unstained by infamy and dishonour—carry my blessings to my little ones—and God grant that they may forgive their wretched father!"—His anxious presence prevented him from proceeding and he gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears—he now lay silent for some time; the approach of death was visibly rapid; and I ventured to remind him that his earthly career was fast drawing to a close, and that if he had any other requests to make I would conscientiously attend to them—"I have no more" said he—"see my aged mother, and tell her—The words fluttered on his tongue—he seized my hand, and giving it a convulsive grasp—expired—the victim of gaming."

THE MORALIST.
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
HYPOCRISY.
What a detestable principle, how unworthy of the human character, and how devoid of honor and sincerity, is hypocrisy. It is one of the meanest and basest traits which any man can be possessed of. Hypocrisy renders its possessor contemptible and odious in the estimation of every candid and honest person. A hypocrite will not be confided in; any professions he may make will be doubted and discredited, because hypocrisy is known to be the prominent feature of his actions—because it is known to characterize him in every thing he does—because it is known to sway his every movement, to actuate his every motive, and because he is known to sacrifice every sentiment of truth and justice at its baser shrine. A hypocrite will assume any character which best accords with his interest, and beneath which he can win with the greatest security and safety. Sometimes, the better to cover his crimes, he puts on the mask of religion and shews all those outward and ostensible signs of piety and devotion by which it would appear that he was not a pretended and affected, but a real and candid and practical christian. Yet under the sacred and holy mantle of religion, which he has assumed, will be concealed principles and sentiments as adverse to the true spirit of christianity as the creed of the pagan. Beneath that heavenly name will be secreted a heart at once false and depraved, capable of the blackest and most sacrilegious deeds. He sometimes even enters the sanctuary of God with his unhallowed feet and clothes himself with the ministrations of a truly sincere and exemplary minister, and with that decorum, and respect, and deference as to impress upon the minds of his hearers that there stood before them a true and faithful servant of the Lord. He will there proclaim against and decry vice of every sort and of every hue—he will advise his auditors to shun its temptations as they would a place where serpents haunt—to guard themselves against its attacks with as much caution and vigilance as they would against their deadliest and most implacable enemy—to chide its ensnaring and seducing enticements with as much sedulousness as they would an adder's nest—to beware of its winning appearances as they would of a viper lurking beneath the grass waiting for a favourable opportunity to sting them with its poisonous tongue. He will do all this, and yet be guilty himself of vices of the darkest kind. He will declaim drunkenness as a crime detestable in the sight of God and man—as a rock upon which thou-

sands have been wrecked—as a precipice down which thousands have hurried to their destruction—as a cup in which thousands have drowned their souls. To it he will ascribe the wretchedness and ruin, and desolation of many a family who were once respectable and affluent, but who are now reduced to poverty and disgrace. He will warn them against it as a vice which debilitates the system, drowns the reason, and absorbs the senses of man—as a demoralizing and degrading practice, which blunts the understanding of man; unfits him for rational intercourse, disqualifies him from attending to his business, renders him an object of the contempt and detestation of all moral and temperate men, and sinks him below the level of humanity, whilst he indulges himself secretly and slyly in intemperance. He will depict licentiousness in black and horrid colours; he will represent it as a passion which has blasted the reputation and cast a gloom over the prospects of many, and which has deprived many a family of their peace and happiness, whilst he is himself a consummate libertine. He will speak of chastity as a heaven-obtaining qualification; as one of the brightest and purest gems which can deck or adorn the character of a christian; as the surest basis upon which the christian can raise his hopes of salvation, and without which it is impossible to please God whilst he is uncharitable himself, and has a heart as cold and as callous as adamant. He will recommend charity as a holy and heaven-born sentiment, whilst his own sentiments run as counter to her dictates as vice does to virtue. He will paint out virtue in fine and lovely colours, and point out her path as the surest one to heaven. But the hypocrite who thus pictures virtue and advises others not to desert her path, often makes her blush, and pursues a different route from that which he marked out for others to follow. He will exhort man to ally his bad passions whilst he gives his an unlimited and unrestrained rein. He will advise others to avoid sin, and yet himself indulge in it to its fullest extent. Thus the hypocrite acts when veiled under the cloak of religion; thus he acts theoretically, not practically; thus he acts paradoxically, and with dissimulation. The hypocrite will sometimes put on the mask of friendship and assume all its outward character. His external deportment will denote that of a steadfast and unwavering friend, but internally he is an inveterate enemy. Wishing to have his interest gratified and benefited, he affects friendship the better to effect his purpose, and the more securely to accomplish his end. The hypocrite will fawn upon you in your presence; he will treat you with kindness, and will show you every mark of attention as will make you think that he is not an affected but a real and sincere friend. He will in your presence smile upon you, but there may be a dagger concealed beneath that smile. For perhaps whilst he is thus treating you in a kind and friendly manner, he is like Brutus, planning your destruction. Brutus seemed to be a friend to Caesar, and Caesar thought he really was so. But he found that when he thought his friendship the warmest it was the coldest; he discovered when too late, that a poisonous lurked beneath the mantle of his friendship. A hypocrite in your presence will do every thing to make his professions of esteem and respect appear as true and candid. But will in your absence asperse your character, raise the execrable tongue of slander against you, and will resort to every means to sink you in the estimation of your friends.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.
A WOMAN'S TONGUE.
There is not in the whole range of musical combinations, a sweeter toned instrument than the tongue of woman, when out of the abundance of a heart of gentleness, affection and devotion to the quiet duties that constitute the loveliness of the sex, it speaks the softness of tenderness to a wounded spirit, the influence of chastening of respect to the arrogant, the inspiration of fortitude to the despondent, and diffuses the gladness of a joyous and innocent spirit around the charmed circle of its sweet and delicate influences. But, reverse the picture, and the cuttings of a sharp scorching with the accompaniment of a hard stern, a shower of aqua fortis upon the most delicate organ of sense, the sympathy of a hundred thousand pindled Pictories in full action, the eruptions of an exquisite nerve grinder at the moment the appalling instrument slips from its cruel hold, "grating harsh thunders"—in short, any thing the imagination can conceive in the way of torture and horrible discord, is tender, touching, and pathetic, compared to the rush of a woman's tongue, propelled by the tempest and whirling in person!

Not that we mean to exonerate the men from their full share of the blame, not we. Some of them (as many as you please, ladies) are as rough as a Greenland bear, as promiscuous as the tooth-ache, as dogged as a mule, as unseemly as swine, and as brutal as a Turk to the gentle sex whom heaven ordained them to shelter and protect; but then the wife, though she be doomed to bear all this, still the heart sickens to death in its wretched hopelessness, at least cannot be called upon to her husband's account to answer in a court of justice for the vituperations of malice and the tattle of slander.

REMARKS CONCERNING FRENCH AND OLD MEN.
When Fontenelle was ninety-seven years of age, he happened to be in company with the then young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, who had been married but a few weeks. Fontenelle was always a great admirer of beauty, and he had been paying the bride many compliments, as refined as they were gallant. When the guests were sitting down to table, however, he passed her, and set him off down without perceiving her. "See, now," said Madame Helvetius, "what desecration is to be put in all your fine speeches; you pass on before me, without even looking at me!" "Madame," said the gallant old man, "if I had stopped to looked at you, I could never have passed on."

EVERY BODY'S COUSIN.
A wedding which took place not long since at Paris, was followed by a grand feast, at one of the most celebrated taverns of that metropolis. Among the numerous guests, was a gentleman dressed in black, whose countenance and manner displayed a kind of affected affability, which was not, however, obtrusive or disagreeable. At the instant of entering the society, he gave his hand to a venerable grand aunt of the bride, who was quite charmed with a piece of politeness which was rather unexpected. On entering the carriage to repair to the feast, he again bestowed his attentions to the old lady, and afterwards seated himself beside her at the banquet. At the table, he appeared to be fully occupied. But while he took due care of number one, he found leisure to carve some of the principal dishes. At the dessert he sung some couplets, which seemed to have been composed for the occasion; he drew the cork from the first bottle of Champagne; he it was who first drank the first health to the new-married folks; he fastened one of the bride-faunts by his button hole in short, after having charmed the whole party by his affability and politeness, he took his leave when the cake was introduced. "My love," said the bridegroom to his young wife, "I am delighted in the acquisition of a relative so amiable as the gentleman who has just left us." "My dear," replied the lady, "it is an acquisition which I value the more; as I am indebted for it to you." "What is not this polite gentleman your cousin?" "On the contrary," thought he was yours," said she; "and it is on that account I am impressed with his civilities and attentions which he paid me," adding in a tone of regret, "but it seems he was nobody's cousin, after all." "I rather suppose," my cousin, returned the new married man, "that our polite friend is every body's cousin, and when he learns that any of his relations are about to give an entertainment, he takes care to be one among the guests."

POLITENESS.
True politeness is common to delicate souls of all nations, and it is not peculiar to any one people. External civility is but the form established in the different countries for expressing that politeness of the soul. But internal politeness is very different from that superficial civility. It is an evenness of soul, which excludes at the same time both insensibility and too much earnestness; it supposes a quickness in discerning what may suit the different characters of men; it is a sweet contentment, by which we adapt ourselves to each man's taste, not to flatter his passions, but to avoid provoking him. In a word, it is a forgetting of ourselves, in order to seek what may be agreeable to others; but is so delicate a manner, as to let them scarce perceive that we are so employed. It knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation, and is equally remote from an insipid compliance and a low flattery.

OPIMUM.
Opium exercises a wonderful effect on the human body, and every circumstance connected with it deserves especial notice. It is the only substance which most certainly controls or subdues pain; it does more than this, it imparts to the mind a delightful tranquility, and hence, it becomes doubly a favourite. The exhilarating effect of opium is very unlike that of wine or spirits; for the head is unaffected, the faculties bright and clear, the body active and vigorous; and, a though the person seems to pass the night without sleep, yet still he is pleasant and comfortable, arises happy and refreshed, and remains so until the period of his next dose; then, and not till then, he feels that there is something wanting, with sinking, and considerable languor. It is

